The Messenger.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1897.

LITERARY GOSSIP,

is about as profitless as naming the "ten best novels." There is taste and taste, and some is good and some is bad. A very different selection will ally would make. We would not be glad to have to read "the ten best novels" that many blks would make as their selection.

Thomas Nelson Page has gone to Europe. He is writing a long novel. His fame will probably rest upon his two or three excellent early stories, which he recites with inimitable excellence and art.

The "Gadshill" edition of Dickens is said to be capital. Andrew Lang is the editor and it is a guarantee of excellence. The illustrations are the old ones so popular and good.

Byron is no poet quoth some of the poets of this day and some critics. If you will read all he so finely says of Greece, you will pity the little fellows who have been tuning their harps and trying to reach a fitting strain in behalf of that little nation. Did you ever read his superb lyric on "The Isles of Greece?" That is poetry, with the emphasis on poetry. It begins:

"The isles of Greec, the isles of Greece! Where burning Sappho loved and Where grew the arts of war and peace, Where Delos rose, and Phoebus

sprung! Eternal summer gilds them yet, But all, except their sun, is set."

Or take this stanza from that eloquent and noble poem-"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:"

"Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are itors.

thy fields. Thine olive ripe as when Minerva

And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus yields; There the blithe bee his fragrant for-

The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain

Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds, Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare: Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature is

Who writes that way now? What dash, what spirit, what swing and passion, what classical flavor!

Edmund Gosse, of Trinity College, a charming English critic, and a poet too of clever verse, is editing what is called "The Literatures of the World Series." The first isssue is "Ancient Greek Literature" by Gilbert Murray M. A. The price per volume is \$1.50. We mention this as possibly some of our readers would like to begin with the initial volume of a series that promises to be entertaining and valuable. The London Times says of the volume that "by dint of a clear, freely moving intelligence, which is not overwhelmed by the mass of modern books, pamphlets, and articles (German especially) through which it has come to pass, and by dint also of a style at once compact and lucid, Mr. Murray has produced a book which fairly represents the best conclusions of modern scholarship with regard to the Greeks." Let us suggest here that if you love ancient poetry and have not availed yourself of John Addington Symonds's "Greek Poets" in two volumes, that you will do well to procure them. They are extremely interesting, and contain many excellent criticisms and descriptions, as well as much fine poetry. His chapters on Homer and some of the greatest Greek poets are exceedingly readable and bril-

Some little while ago Mrs. Amelia E. Barr wrote a serial story in two numbers of the Century. It is the only I had been bothered with headache thing by her we ever read. It greatly while at my work, many a time having impressed us, and we said in The Mes- ' to go home, and loss of sleep, tired all senger that it was written with manifest literary skill, vigor and interest. It is now published in a volume retaining the original title-"Prisoners of Conscience." We have not read of its length in years so strong, thoughtful and artistic a story. We see it referred to properly as "a powerful novel of the

Shetland islands." Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson" will no doubt be widely read. The price is \$8, and that will cut off most southern readers.

We find Gosse's "Critical Kit-Kats" like rich wine. He writes with singular elegance and precision and is a positively delightful interpreter.

Mrs. Margaret Bottorne, president of the King's Daughters, has just issued a 16 mo. volume, price \$1, entitled "A Sunshine Trip, Glimpses of the Orient." General James Grant Wilson is to

write a life of General Grant's military

Professor Edward Dowden, of the University of Dublin, lectured before Princeton University. He will take the series as the basis of a work on "The

French Revolution and English Literature." He is a man of superb scholarship and writes admirably.

Annie Beaston has a work announced entitled "Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days." They are of New England women with the exception of Mrs. Dolly Madison. A students edition of W. C. Bryant's

translation of Homer's "Iliad," cheap as to price, is to be published.

THE NELSON BANKRUPT BILL.

The senate of the United States has passed a general bankrupt law, but it is not the old Torrey bill. It is known as the Nelson bill. That the disturbed condition of trade, the many failures and the depressed times need a bill of some kind that will aid honest men who are forced to the wall, is apparent. But a law to protect scoundrels and thieves and to facilitate bankruptcies for "looting" creditors is just what is not needed or desired by honest people. Making of lists of "ten best poems" We doubt if a majority of the southern people are favorable to any kind of general bankrupt law. They are afraid of consequences-that it will hurt more than aid honest creditors and debtors, be made by a poet of ten poems or by and will open the gates for a flood of a novelist of novels that readers gener- iniquity. In the north we suppose a fairly good law would be approved by cheeks and blister her hands in the harva majority, certainly of the business We think it favorable for the bill

that it should pass the senate. The fact that the Torrey bill, long before the congress, could not pass, but that the Nelson bill did pass augurs well for it. We have not read the many provisions of the bill. Any one (but not a corporation) owing \$200 or more may go into bankrupt y if unable to pay. He must file his petition in the district court of the United States for the district or division thereof in which he resides, asking for a discharge from his debts and offering to surrender all his property for the payment of his debts, except such as is exempt by the law of domicile from execution and liability for debts. He must make a schedule of all property of all sorts, including exempted, and also a list of all debts, the amounts and nature of each, and shall surrender all unexempted by the court not less than thirty nor more than ninety days from the time it is filed. If the court upholds the petition, the estate of the bankrupt is transferred to an "assignee" for settlement. There are many other points and features of the bill. The excellence of a bill of this kind depends upon faithful execution, compelling honest failures and protecting suffering cred-

SNAPS.

Chaos still continues in the Kentucky

Italy has no law against bigamy. Hence it abounds.

Colonel Mosley's chances to recover from his fall are reported good by Dr. McGuire, of Richmond.

A firm of "bankers and brokers' "busted" the other day right on Broad-

way, New York, that had no assets. Three soldiers lately committed suicide in the same barracks in Germany, and for the same cause-the cruel treat-

ment by their officers. Eighty-two per cent. of the entire production of cotton in the world were grown in 1896 in the south. It brought more money into this country from other countries "than all other agricultural products combined." And is not

that a big thing?

Osman Pasha, the great Turkish general has gone to the front. He says with a laugh the war is all over. The Greeks will make a final stand at Pharsala. That is the battle field upon which the great Julius Caesar whipped Pompey the Great.

Hood's is the Finest

Spring Medicine—Tonic, Appetizer, Strength Builder

It Makes You Eat, Sleep, Work and Happy.

"We think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the finest Spring and family medicine. the time, and getting up in the morning weak. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and felt better after three doses. I kept on taking it, and now I can go into the quarry and do a day's work and come home feeling well and always hungry. We have also been giving Hood's Sarsaparilla to our youngest child, who was weak, languid and losing flesh. We could soon see a marked change. He ate better, slept well, and in a little while was like a new boy. He has continued to improve, and today is lively as a cricket, and the neighbors say he can talk more than any man around the place." Thomas White, Park Quar. ries, Freedom, Pa.

N.B. Be sure to get Hood's because Hood's Sarsaparilla

fier. Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5.

UNFAILING FRIENDS.

ASERMON FULL OF THE BREATH OF THE FIELDS.

Showing How the Attachment of Boos for Ruth was Full of Undying Interest to the Church of God in All Ages-Darkness and Daylight.

The sermon of Dr. Talmage which we sent out today could not have been prepared by any one not born in the country. It is full of the breath of the fields. The text is Ruth ii., 3, "And se went and came and gladened in the field after the reapers, and her hap was to light on a part of field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech."

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrive her in my text in the harvest field of Boaz, at Bethlehem is harvest time. It was the custom when a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up. That was to be left for he poor who might happen to come along that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped instead of raking it, as farmers do now, it was by the custom of the land left in its ulace, so that the poor coming along that way might glean it and get their bread. But you say What is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun, and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her

Boaz owns a large farm and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming there right behind the swarthy sun brown reapers he beholds a beautiful woman gleaning-a woman more fit to pend to a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that

was an eventful day! It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaneran attachment full of undying interest to the church of God in all ages, while Ruth. with an ephah, or nearly a bushel of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her the successes and adventures of the day. That Ruth who left her native land of Moab in darkness and traveled, through an undying affection for her mother-in-law, is in the harvest field of Boaz, is affianced to one of the best families in Judah and becomes in after time the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory. Out of so dark a night did there ever dawn so bright a morning?

THE USE OF TROUBLE

I learn, in the first place, from this subject how trouble develops character. It developed, illustrated and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man, Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little heart and tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him, his style will be differ-After a while the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house, and, though the sheeted dead bursting from the sepulthe preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tender ness of his discourse! The fact is that trouble is a great educator. You see some times a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal and unfeeling. The reason isthat all his life he has been prospered. But let misand he sits down at the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first sweep

tors. A young doctor comes into a sick room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question. But years roll on and there has been one dead in his own house, and now he comes into the sick room, and Ere long shall swell from star to star; with tearfull eye he looks at the dying child, and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator. Sorrow-I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the foun tain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron shod hoof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the break ers of Melita. God crowns his children amid the howling of wild beasts and th chopping of blood splashed guillitine and he crackling fires of martyrdom. It took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. took all the hostilities against the Scotch Covenanters and the fury of Lord Claver nouse to develop James Renwick and An drew Melville and Hugh McKail, the glo rious martyrs of Scotch history. It tool he stormy sea and the December blas and the desolate New England coast, and the warhoop of savages, to show forth th

prowess of the pilgrim fathers-When amid the storms they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea And the sounding aisles of the dim wood Rang to the anthems of the free.

It took all our past national distresses and it takes all our present national sor rows to lift up our nation on that high career where it will march long after th foreign aristocracies that have mocke and tyrannies that have jeered shall b swept down under the omnipotent wrat of God, who hates despotism, and who, by the strength of his own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is in dividually, and in the family, and in the church, and in the world, that, though drakness and storm and trouble, men, we men, churches, nations, are developed

THE BEAUTY OF FRIENDSHIP. Again, I seee in my text the beauty unfaltering friendship. I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity, but of all her acquaintances how many were willing to trudge off with her toward Judah when she had to make that lonely journey? One, the heroine of my text. One, absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and all things went well, they had a great many callers, but I suppose that after her hubband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sung in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests, now the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful sunflowers that spread out their color in the morning hour! But they are always asleep when the sun is going down! Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Uz, but when his property went and the trials came, then there were none so much that pestered as Eliphaz the Temanite and Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicion arise about a man's character, and he becomes like a bank in a panic, and all the imputations rush on him and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been half a century in building which go down under one push, as a vast temple is consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a

century plant. In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find

Christ had such in the Marys, who adhered to him on the cross; Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out: "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and whither thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT. Again, I learn from this subject that paths which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, to go along with her motherin-law, I suppose the people said: "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judah! They won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi, but behold to be affianced to one of the lords of the land and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which often starts very darkly ends very brightly. When you started out for heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction! How Sinai thundered, and devils torment-

ed, and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins. After awhile you went into the harvest field of God's mercy. You began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry, as the voice of God addressed you, saying, "Blessed is the man whose transgression are forgiven and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the gospei. So very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice

within, or a voice from above, saying, You must go," and we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert, and we are pounded and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through 10,000 obstacles that have been slain by our own right arm. have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but, blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tiptop of the captured battlements we will shout the victory, if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says so, "They shall hunger shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains door of the sickroom to open. Yet how

from their eyes. It was very hard for Noah to endure the That is a very unfortunate man who has scoffing of the people in his day, while dules of life cross the field like strong no trouble. It was sorrow that made John he was trying to build the ark, and was reapers and carry off all the hours, and Bunyan the better dreamer, and Dr. Young every morning quizzed about his old boat | there is only here and there a fragment the better poet, and O'Connell the better that would never be of any practical use. left that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my property. The petition shall be heard preacher, and Havelock the better soldier, of the mountains disappeared like the and but and Kitto the better encyclopedist, and backs of sea monsters, and the elements, golden opportunities which, gathered, lashed up in fury, clapping their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportuniark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his family, and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining his last drop of blood, chres at his crucifixion. Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha, were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock. against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of refortune or bereavement come to that-man | ward comes for Christ. All the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on his throne, crowned heads are to bow before him on whose head are many crowns and all the celestial worship is to come up at his feet, like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters, "Halleluiah, for the

> Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' That song of love, now low and far, That light, the breaking day which tips

The golden spired Apocalypse. MOMENTOUS INCIDENTS

Again, I learn from my subject that events which seem to be most insignifiant may be momentous. Can you imagine anything more unimportant than the coming of a poor woman from Moab to Judah? Can you imagine anything more trivial than the fact that this Ruth just happened to alight—as they say—just happened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet all ages, all generations, have an interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look at that one little incident with a thrill of unspeakable and eternal satisfaction. So it is in your history and in mine, events that you thought of no importance at all have been of very great moment. That casual conversation; that accidental meeting-you did not think of it again for a long while. But how it changed all the phases of your life! It seemed to be of no importance that

Jubal invented rude instruments of music, calling them harp and organ, but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy, and as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now of flute and drum and cornet is only the long continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that Tubal Cain learned the uses of copper and iron, but that rude foundry of ancient days has its echo in the rattl of Birmingham machinery and the road and bang of factories on the Merrimac. It seemed to be a matter of no import ance that Luther found a Bible in a mon astery, but as he opened that Bible and the brass bound lids fell back they jarred everything, and the rustling of the wormed leaves was the sound of the wings of the angel of the reformation. It seemed to be a matter of no importance that woman whose name has been forgotter dropped a tract in the way of a very bad man by the name of Richard Baxter. He picked up the tract and read it, and it was the means of his salvation. In after days that man wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," that was the means of bringing a multitude to God, among others Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which has brought thousands and trees of themselves. brought thousands and tens of thousands into the kingdom of God, and among others the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote a book called "A Practical View of Christianity," which was th means of bringing a great multitude to Christ, among others Legh Richmond. Legh Richmond wrote a tract called "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of the salvation of unconverted multitudes. And that tide of influence started from the fact that one Christian woman dropped a Christian tract in the way Richard Baxter, the tide of influence rolling on through Richard Baxter, through Phiap Doddridge, through the great Wilberforce, through Legh Richmond, on, on, forever, forever. So the insignificant events of this world seem, after all, to be most momentous. BEAUTY OF FEMALE INDUSTRY.

Again, I see in my subject an illustra-tion of the beauty of female industry. Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest field under the hot sun, or at noon taking plain bread with the reapers, or eating the parched corn which Boaz handed to her. The customs of society, of course, have changed, and without the hardeships and exposure to which Ruth was subjected every intelligent woman will find something to do.

I know there is a sickly sentimentality on this subject. In some families there are persons of no practical service to the household or community, and though there are so many woes all around about them in the world, they spend their time

mother-in-law, Naomi -All this fastidiousness may seem to do very well while they are under the shelter of their father's house; but when the sharp winter of misfortune comes, what of these butterflies? Persons under indulgent parentage may get upon themselves habits of indolence, but when they come out into practical life their soul will recoil with disgust and chagrin. They will feel in their hearts what the poet so severely satirized when

Folks are so awkward, things so impolite. They're elegantly painted from morning until night.

Through that gate of indolence how many men and women have marched. useless on earth, to a destroyed eternity. Spinola said to Sir Horace Vere, what did your brother die?" "Of having nothing to do," was the answer. "Ah! said Spinola, "that's enough to kill any general of us." Oh, can it be possible in his world, where there is so much suffering to be alleviated, so much darkness to be enlightened and so many burdens to be carried that there is any person who cannot find anything to do?

Mme. de Stael did a world of work in her time, and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid manuscript books which she had written, some one said to her, "How do you find time to attend to all these things?" "Oh." she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in the fact that I have 17 trades, by any one of which could make a livelihood if necessary. And if in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! How many dying all around about us without one word of comfort We want more Abigails, more Hannahs, more Rebeccas, more Marys, more Deborahs consecrated-body, mind, soul-to the Lord who bought them.

VALUE OF GLEANING.

Once more I learn from my subject the value of gleaning. Ruth going into that harvest field might have said: "There is a straw, and there is a straw, but what is a straw? I can't get any barley for myself or my mother-in-law out of these separate Not so said beautiful Ruth. straws." She gathered two straws, and she put them together, and more straws, until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down, she went and gathered more straws until she had another sheaf, and another, and another, and another, and then she brought them altogether, and she thrashed them out, and she had an ephah of barley, nigh a bushel. Oh, that we might all be gleaners!

Elihu Burritt learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith's shop. Abercrombie, the world renowned philosopher, was no more, neither thirst any more, neither a philosopher in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while as a physician he was waiting for the was bereavement, poverty and exile that of water, and God shall wipe all tears many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental or spiritual improvements. The great you could go into the busiest and busiest week of your life and find might at last make a whole sheaf for the ties and the stray privileges which, taken up and bound together and beaten out,

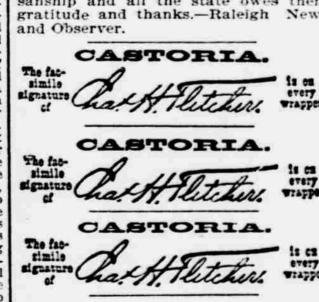
will at last fill you with much joy. There are a few moments left worth the pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves | gleaning. Now, Ruth, to the field! May each one have a measure full and running over! Oh, you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household an aged one or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toil in this field, then let Ruth take home to feeble Naomi this sheaf of gleaning: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed the surges of Christ's anguish beat | shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi be our por-

> A Great Victory for Humanity. The supreme court yesterday decid-

ed the insane asylum cases in favor of the incumbents, thus sustaining Judge Adams, of the superior court. It will be remembered that it was sought by acts of the recent legislature to reorganize the hospitals at Morganton, Raleigh and Goldsboro and plans had been made for changing the management of each. The superintendents, Drs. Murphy, Kirby and Miller, set up the claim that they could not be dispossessed during their term of office and went | into the courts. Judge Adams, as stated, held with them and now the supreme court sustains him. Dr. Murphy has two or three years of his present term yet to serve; we do not know how it is as to Drs. Kirby and Miller.

This is no party victory and we should despise ourselves if we for one moment so regarded it. It is a victory for humanity, for the helpless insane and for all the people of North | PANIES IN THE ADJUSTMENT OF Carolina. It would have been lamentable to see these institutions for the INSURANCE CLAIMS. MY LOSS insane pass into the hands of spoilsmen-for the offices connected with them to have been distributed around as rewards for party services. This decision means that the insane are safe for two more years and that the state's interests as represented in these hospitals will continue to be conserved for that length of time at least. We suppose judges deserve no credit

for correct interpretation of the law, and yet we cannot resist the impulse to thank Judge Adams and the supreme court for the great service they have done the state. There have been times when, a point of law being nicely balanced, judges have decided it under political influence. Not so in this case. These judges have risen above partisanship and all the state owes them gratitude and thanks.-Raleigh News



The Wilmington Ordered Into Commission Washington, April 28.-The gunboat Wilmington, built by the Newport News Company, has been ordered into commission on the 19th of next month. her crew being largely made up of men from the Columbia. It is understood that she is to join the South Atlantic squadron, taking the place of the obsolete Yantic, now on her way home from the station. The Newport News Company has reported that it will have the Nashville, another light draft gunboat, ready for her speed trial on the 12th. The department will endeavor to have all the necessary arrangements made by that date, but it is apprehended that the trial may be delayed a few days.

An Explosion in a Church. London, April 28.-The secretary of state for the colonies. Mr. Joseph

Chamberlain, has received a dispatch from the island of Cyprus, announcing that thirty persons were injured in an Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5.

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5.

How thinking it is to find there are so many were spend their time languishing over a new pattern, or burst-ing into tears at midnight over the story of some lover who shot himself. They of Turks. Several men have been argoreted back the barley on her way home to her with the affair.

Heroic Conduct of a Negro.

Albany, Ga., April 28.-Hardaway, a small station on the Savannah, Florida and Western railroad, was last night the scene of a bold attempt at robbery, which ended in the death of a negro, whose courage, no doubt, saved the lives of several others. Three clerks and the negro porter, Willam Grass, were preparing to close the general store of F. F. Phtney, about 9 o'clock when an unknown negro walked in and began to trade with Duncan Forester, one of the clerks. While waiting for the supposed customer to comclude his trading another man with a pistol in each hand stepped in the door and called out "hands up." He and the other negro covered the clerks. Grass was the only one uncovered. He was sweeping and dropped his broom and drew a pistol which he carried and began to fire. The would-be robbers returned the fire, killing Grass. The clerks escaped during the melee. The murderers also got away

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Apply into the postrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50

A Card.

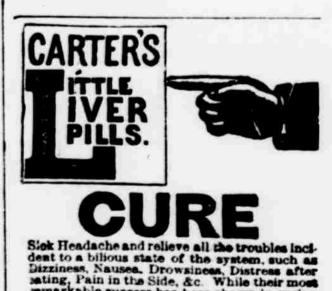
WILMINGTON, N. C., MARCH 6, 1897, MR. WALKER TAYLOR,

DEAR SIR:

I TAKE PLEASURE IN TESTIFY-ING BY MY OWN EXPERIENCE TO THE PROMPTNESS OF YOUR COM-ON BUILDING OGCUPIED BY MESSRS. POLVOGT & CO. WAS SATISFACTORILY ADJUSTED, AND I WILL TAKE PLEASURE IN REC-OMMENDING ANY ONE NEEDING INSURANCE TO CALL ON YOU.

S. BEHRENDS.

AGENT, CITY.



emarkable success has been shown in curing Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PHASE

are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the storasch, stimulate the liver and regulate the basels. Even if they only cured

who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not and here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without a nem. But after all sick head

while others do no CARTER'S LITTLE LIVES PILLS are very so and very easy to take. One or two pills m a dose. They are strictly vegetable and not gripe or purge, but by their gentle are slesses all who use them. In vials at 25 or live for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by 1